Extracts From the Memoir of Hor-

ace Walpole by Austin Dobson. ONE of the most picturesque figures in a picturesque age, the Eighteenth Century, was Horney Walpole, who became fourth

Eart of Origin in his old age. Renders of "Richard Carvel" will rememher that florace Waipole played an importer in Mr. Churchill's story. He it was told the fair Dorothy Manners the of questing the young Marylander and ii, the captain. John Paul Jones. led to the rescue of Richard and from the debter's prison, or

story goes in Richard Carvel, the e and his friend, the captain, were g to Lenden when they met a cerat gentleman at an inn some distimes from the city. He became interested in the two friends and in the story of their s, and they supped together. When all the stranger, Mr. Walfole, said: I take it that you have friends in Lon-

I replied that I had. But he did not push should write out this history for your grand-hildren, Mr. Carvel, he added, as he bade his Swiss light us to our room. "A strained Parts, indeed, captain

"And receiver said the captain, coolly, "se a stranger give it welcome." to are more things in heaven and earth, Hotatio, than are dreamed of in your

This a meteor struck at the gentleman's feet, he couldn't have been more taken "What! What's this? he cried. You

lim to gratify Upon this, perhaps not un-naturally. Walpole's suscicions were aroused, the more so that Mason and Gray, to whom he showed the papers, declared State Hamle! And who the devil are you, them to be provered. He made, neverthe less, some private highly from an aristocratic name, sir! exclaims the captain, cratic relative at Eath as to Chatterton's

"Well, well," he said, stepping back and eyeing us closely, "the no matter. Good hight, gentlemen, good night."

"And we went to bed with many a laugh ever the incident.

"Dis name must be Horatio. We'll discover it in the morning,' said John Paul." Hecatio Walpole was born in 1717, the son of far Robert Walpole, distinguished statesman and Prime Minister of England. Fortowing a phrase from one of Thackeray's graphic vignettes concerning Sir Robert; To his "admirable prudence, ndelity and succose" England owes per prosperty under the Hamoverous, Again Thackeray says of him-"that corrupter of Paritaments, that dissolute types cynic, the courageous lover of pence and liberty, that great citizen, pa-

that and statesman.

Once, when Horace Welpole was a boy, there came to see his mother one of those formerly famous beauties chronicled by Anthony Hamilton—"la belle sennings," elder Pister to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, and afterwards Duchess of Tyrconneil. At this date she was a needy Jacobite seeking Lady Walpole's interest in order to obtain a pension. She no longer possessed these radiant churchs which under Charles had revealed her even through the discuise of an orange girl, and now, says Walpole, annotating his own copy of the "Memoirs of Grammont," "her eyes being dim and she full of flattery, she commended the beauty of the prospect; but unlucking the room in which they sat looked only against the garden wall." When a young lad Horace Walpole was a

pupil at liten. His course there was not remarkable. It was there, however, that he formed some unusual friendships. Many of his school friends were recipients of the Iamous letters for which Walpule is noted. Among a quartet of friends was "a boy as frail and delicate as Walpole himself, with a broad tale brow, sharp nose and chin, large eyes and a port expression," who was afterwards to become famous as the author of one of the most popular poems in the language, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

In mulliomatics, which Walpole seems to have hated as cordially as Swift and Gold-emith and Gray did, he sat at the feet of Years afterwards unropos of a uniquided the friends, at teast-were specifily filled enthusiant, who had put the forty-seventh again; and, as a general rule, most of his proposition of his correspondents, the result of these ministrations; "I • • was also been ministrations; "I • • was also proposed by the ministrations." I • • was also published the Walpoliana, is one of the expense of the heart the multiple. I could not even get by heart the multiplication table, as blind Professor Saunderson honestly told me, above three score the volumes of Pickerton's awn correspondyears ago, when I went to his lectures at Cambridge. After the first fortnight, he said to me: Young man, it would be cheating you to take your money; for you can never learn what I am trying to teach you.' I was exceedingly mortified, and cried; for, being a Prime Minister's son, I had firmly believed all the finttery with which I had been assured that my parts were capable of anything. I puld a private instructor for a year; but at the year's end was forced to own Saunderson had been in the right,"

Walpole toured the Continent, and made a lengthy stay at Florence with Sir Horace Menn, English Consul Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was there at the same time, and he describes the eccentric lady with a not everkind pen

small that I can send it to you in a letter to look at. The prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town and Richmond Park, and, being situated on a hill, descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have nome Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colors for becoming the view."
This was the famous Strawberry Hill

This was the famous Strawberry Hill affection, But his closest friends were women to the years that followed of Walpole's residence there. It was one of the show places of England, for Walpole made of it a museum of rare and interesting things. It was here that artists, engravers and printers found encouragement, and the Strawberry Hill press turned out many unique books: Scores of the famous people of the day visited Strawberry and Gray made flying visits to Strawberry and Ariberton street, and practical to the controlled to the soul delighted and which were most conscilled to his resulted in elligence and easily fathering and amateur his position is a mixed one. He was certainly widely different from that typical art connoissuer of his day—the butt of Goldanith and of Rey-

Ariling to street, and prattied to Walpine poids who traveled the grand tour to lit-from Pembroke between whiles. And certer a gallery at home with breken-nosed tably, in a measure, it is to Walpoie that | busts and the rubbish of the Roman picture | we own Gray. It was Walpole who induced factories.

Gray to silow Dodsley to print in 1747, as an attenuated follo pamphlet, the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and it was the tragic end of one of Walpole's record as a politician is a brief one, and if his time was of any importance it must have been exercised unobrusively.

Gray to silow Dodsley to print in 1747, as one, and if his time was of any importance it must have been exercised unobrusively.

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Gray to silow Dodsley to print in 1747, as one, and if his time was of any importance it must have been exercised unobrusively. Avorite cats in a china tub of goldfish tof
which, by the way, there was a large pond
called Po-yang at Strawberry), which
prompted the delightful occasional verses
by Gray, beginning:

"Twas on a lofty vase's side,

The arms of the Table 1 and 1

tions, long served as a label for the "lotty" qualities which are his defects in more sevense" in the Strawberry Hill collection. To rious productions become merits in his cor-Walpole's officious circulation in manu-script of the famous "Elegy Written in a defects. No one looks for prolonged effort. And supplications. Let him then, at least, Country Church Yard" must indirectly be in a gossining epistic; a weighty reasoning Here in the shadows of this aged wood, ettributed its publication by Dodsley in is less important than a light hand; and Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find

Welpole was not only a patron of litercture, but a writer bimself, as well. He those who have distinguished themselves wrote poems on current affairs, His "Short in this way, Walpole is in the foremost Notes" are his own rambling records of his rank-nay, if wit and brilliancy, without 157. however, was the clover little squib to first. It matters nothing whether he philosopher at London, to his friend, Lien-Chi, at Peking, in which he ingeniously satirizes the "late political revolutions" and the incombant disposition of the English perpetual entertainment, for the constant life. His first definite literary effort, in gravity or pathos, are to rank highest, he

tion. Walpole's great book was the "Castle of Otranto," Fluently and lucidly written, the Castle of Otranto set a fashlos in literature. But, like many other works produced under similar conditions, it had its day. To the planet of a movement which has exhausted itself there comes often what is almost worse than oblighon-discredit and neglect.

A generation like the present, for whom fiction has unraveled so many intricate combinations, and whose Golhicism and Medialiterace Walpste's "incomparable letters."

Values,

These winding aisles of human pomp of pride,

Iterace Walpste's "incomparable letters."

Report not. No fantastic carvings show valism are better instructed than Walpole's, no longer feels its soul harrowed up in the same way as did his hushed and nive-etruck readers of the days of the third Ing as the first of a school of remances which had the honor of influencing even the mighty "Wizard of the North" (Scott).

To Strawberry Hill came letters and poems of the ill-staired Chafterton that the first of the solid designation: Baron Roberts In music; thou are in the soft winds That run along the summit of these trees In music; thou are in the cooler breath, the solid designation of Strawberry Hill came letters and the solid designation. The solid designation is the solid designation of the ill-staired Chafterton that there; the solid designation is the solid designation. The solid designation is the solid designation. The solid designation is the solid designation in the solid designation is the solid designation. The solid designation is the solid designation in the solid designation is the solid designation. The solid designation is the solid designation in the solid desi the mighty "Wizard of the North" (Scott). Is his official designation: Baron Roberts of Strawberry Hill came letters and of Kandahar and Waterford, P. C., K. P., poems of the ill-starred Chaiterton, that of Kandahar and Waterford, P. C., K. P., place poems of the ill-starred Chaiterton, that of C. E., Li. D. And yet he is the shortest palm off as genuine literary antiques the works of his own undoubted genius. Waippole replied courteously to the young impole replied to the young impole youn

LENTEN SACRIFICE: A SOLILOQUY.

I must rensumes; I shall myself All buxing and pemp and vanity,

For me no more le-cent eigars shall All such extenvagances I shall spurn; A humble corncub pipe shall serve

Tide

Right straight through Lent.

making revelation of his position as a widow a son and inwyer's apprentice, who

had a "taste and turn for more elegant studies," which incitnations, he suggested.

his illustrious correspondent might enable

ount of his character was forthcoming.

He accordingly—he tells us-wrote him a letter "with as much kindness and tender-

ness as if he had been his guardian."

asty reply, but, upon reconsideration, in-load them to their writer without com-

ceptions; and several of Walpole's letters to him are contained in that book, and in

once published by Dawson Turner in 1839.

of the purely literary kind had somewhat slackened in his old age, and it was to the other sex that he turned for sympathy and

solace. He liked them best; his style suited

them; and he wrote to them with most

ease. His liking for women friends sweet-ened and softened what, on his part, had

begun to grow more and more a solitary, joyless and painful old age. Walpole suf-

red all his life from attacks of gout.

Walnole's character may be considered

It would been, were rather those of intel-tectual affinity and esteem than downright

Walpole, in truth, never took literature

prises of an unique species of wit, for

"BOBS'S" TITLES.

From Collier's Weekly.

with sufficient seriousness.

But Walpole's appetite for correspondence

My last spring's sult I quite intend to wear. But worse inflictions still I'll have to bear. So that for that I do not really care

One copper cent. No little suppers following the show, With toothsome lobsters and ze fizz

Cliquot-You bet I've got to go a little slow. For this is Lent.

My wife will strike me for an Easter hat: It's either strict retrenchment or a

For this is Lent, and I know shortly

that

spat.

That's evident.

poster, who, in part, unbesomed bimself. HOW PHRASES ORIGINATED. Curious Expressions That Have Be

THE origin of the phrase, "I can't see it," is traced to Lord Nelson, who at the battle of Copenhagen was told that a signal was given to cease firing, and the direction pointed out to him. Seizing a telescope, he cratic relative at Eath as to Chatterton's applied it to his blind eye and exclaimed:

"Hauling over the coals" dates six of seven centuries back, when feudal barons often used harsh methods of extracting gold from the rich Jews by suspending their vic tims above slow fires until they paid rau-soms or died. There was a scene of this sort in "Ivanhoe," in which the Front de Boeuf endeavors to extert money from Isaac of York, father of Rebecca.

used in Venice about the year 1400 to desig-"History of Chivairy" we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women originated with Miss Hannah More's admirable description of a "Blue Stocking Club" in her "Bus

older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke who, in the Sixteenth Century, was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says in one of his treatless: "Corporations cannot commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

filled him with unaffected pity. Several pursons of honor and veracity," he says, "were present when I first heard of his The phrase "I acknowledge the corn" originated with a slave. He was charged with stealing corn found in his possession. Having a suck with him, he was also charged with stealing that. His re-"No, sar; I 'knowledge de corn, risted boy, reading the above occurrences; ply was: "No, sar; I 'knowledge de corn, but I ain't gwine to 'knowledge to de

Walpale a more material part in his misfortunes than can Justiy be ascribed to him.

When Walpale was 85, Horace Mann was
84, and the long correspondence—a correspendence "net to be paralleled in the anhals of the Post Office"—was drawing to a
close "What Orderes and Tylades ever
desired the apparatus painted. He replied:
"Why any color so it's red." wrote to each other for four and forty | "Why, any color so it's red."

cars without meeting?" Walpole asks. in 8.9 specimens printed by Cunningham was disparched to Forence. In the following November, Mana died, after a prolong dill-comes what the miliers call "tailed." There ness. He had sever visited England, nor is too much water, the mill will not work. and Walpole set eyes upon him since he had and the miller is said to be "drowned out." Hence, when too much of any one arriches Hence, when too much of any one article drown-If his relatives and friends were falling away, however, their places the places of ing the miller."

"Better late than never" was used over 300 years ago by Thomas Tucker in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Later on, Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's

day originated with Lyly, and are found in his "Euphues," a popular book published in 15-9. Among them might be mentioned "caught napping," "a crooked stick or none," "brown study," "catching birds by When people do not particularly like each other it is sometimes said "there is no love lost between them." The phras occurs in the old ballad, "The Babes of the Wood," and in a tale of the days of Shakespeare, entitled "Montchensey."

A LITERARY club of women in Michigan asks for certain information of a delicate On June 5, 1747, Walpole announces to before all, an aristocrat, or, as in his own character concerning members of the United Mann that he has taken a little new farm day he would have been called, a "person just out of Twickenham. "The house is so of quality," whose warmest sympathies because the answer to every inquiry must be a matter of opinion upon which people may differ. I submitted the questions to have cherished a genuine affection for Con-way, George Montagu and Sir Horace men, and give the result of their judgment. Where two names are mentioned the jury was a tie. In all other cases it was either unanimous or gave a majority vote in favor of the person named:

> The tailest, Mr. Allen of Nebraska. The most industrious, Mr. Cockrell, Mr. Cullom. The ississt, Mr. Wetmore of Rhode Island, The wivest, Mr. Addson,

The wittlest, Mr. Vest, Mr. Chandler. The most eloquent, Mr. Welcott,

The most unpopular, Mr. Pettigrew. The most frequent talker, Mr. Allen. The least frequent, Mr. Wetmore, The best debater, Mr. Frye, The richest, Mr. Clark of Montana,

The best dresser, Mr. Depow.

FOREST HYMN. THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned To hew the shaft and lay the architrave And spread the roof above them-ere he

It is not by his professedly literary work that he acquired the reputation which he framed Gar'd on the lake below
A stanza which, with triffing verbal siteraas a letter writer that he survives. The lofty vault, to gather and roll back.

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back. The sound of anthems—in the darkling. Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down

> Acceptance to his ear. Father, thy hand Hath reared these venerable columns; thou Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down

> Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose And these fair ranks of trees. They in this Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze, And shot toward heaven. The century-liv-

As now they stand massy, and tall, and Fit shrine for humbler worshiper to hold Communion with his maker. These dim vaults.

The boast of our vain race to change the

From Collier's Weekly.

"BODS," who is sometimes known as Lord The solitude; thou are in the soft winds That, from the inmost darkness of the



CONVERSATION enriches the understand-Gillebon.

Deliberate with caution, but act with de-cision; and yield with graciousness or op-poss with firmness.—Colton.

She never told her love, But let concentment, like a worm r the had, Feed on her damask cheek; the pin'd in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholy She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief.

Empires are only sandbills in the hourglass of Time; they cramble spentaneously by the process of their own growth.-Draper.

In this broad earth of ours, Amid the measureless greatment and the sing, Enclosed and safe within its central heart, Nestles the seed perfection. itles the seed perfection.

--Walt Whitman-Song of the Universal.

Empty vessels make the most noise-Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the con-

fidence to own it .- Rochester. And how can man die better Than facing fearful odds.

For the askes of his fathers,
And the temple of his mods? -Macaulay-Horatlo at the Bridge.

Events are only the shells of ideas; and often it is the fluent thought of ages that is crystalized in a moment by the stroke of a pen or the point of a bayonet.—Chapin.

Every event that a man must master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped past him.-Holmes, I worked with putlence, which means almost

-E. R. Browning-Aurora Leigh.

Every excess causes a defect; every defielt an excess. Every sweet has its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse.- Emerson.

Great warriors, like great earthquaker. are generally remembered for the mischlef they have done.—Boyce.

Greatness is not a teachable nor gainable God-made man; teach, or preach, or labor as you will, everlasting difference is set between one man's capacity and another's; and this God-given supremacy is the price less thing, always just as rare in the world at one time as another. And nearly the best thing that men can do is to set themselves, not to the attainment, but the discovery of this; learning to know gold, when we see it, from bron-glance, and dismond from flint-sand, being for most of us a more profitable employment than try ing to make diamonds from our own charcoal.-Ruskin.

Happiness is unrepented pleasure. - Socra-

Happiness is like the mirage in the desert: she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates and that contiguity destroys, -Arliss' Lit. Col.

But, children, you should never let Such angry passions rise; Your little hands were never made To tear each other's even Isane Watts-Divine Songe.

He that hath a head of wax should not walk in the sun.-Proverb. Weep no more, lady; weep no more

Thy sorrow is in vaine.

For violets plackt, the sweetest showers Will he'er make grow again -Thomas Percy.

has had a fool for a master - Ren Johnson He that has muckle would are has mair, Scotche proverb.

He that lies down with dogs will rise.up with fleas.-Proverb. He that is full of himself is very empty.

He that lives with wolves will learn to

-Proverb. He who can at all times merifice plansure to duty approaches sublimity, Lavater, He who laughs can commit no deadly sin,

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent; This, like they giver Titum is to be Good, great, and Jyous, beautiful and free; This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.
—Shelley—Prometheus.

He who never in his life was foolish was

He who tells a lie is not sensible ho great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to mointain that one.-Pope.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great The pen is mightler than the ewo

If people did not flatter one another there would be little society.--Vauvenargues.

If one sees one's fellow-creature following damnable error, by continuing in which the devil is sure to get him at last, are you to are you not rather to use all means to save

With strength and patience all his grievous loads And from the world's rose-hed he only asks a

Many speak the fruth when they say they despise riches and preferment; but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.-Colton.

Therefore Agathon rightly says: "Of this alone even God is deprived, the power of making things that are past never to have

The best prophets of the future is the past-Byron's letter.

He that dies this year is quit for the next .-

At every triffe scorn to take offense, That always shows great pride, or little sense,

The spider's most attenuated thread Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie On earthly bliss, it breaks at every breeze.

O sleep, we are beholden to thee, sleep;

Thou bearest angels to us in the night, Saints out of heaven with paims.

Love is a pouting child.

Seen by thy light Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unburt amidst the wars of elements, The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds, Addison-Cate, "The Soul,"

Worthy books are not companions, they are olitudes.—Balley. He wise; soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.—Massinger.

-Jean Incelow

Aye, sir, to be honest, as this world mes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.-Shakespeare. 'Tis stander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth hole omposition. I said, "Yes." All corners of the world; Kings, Queens, and states, Maids, matrons, may, the secrets of the grave you ain't John Sullivan, but still I am glad to see you, anyway-let's have a drink." This viperous slander enters.

> THE CASE OF PRIVATE O'LEARY.

mernted on, the bullet being successand several pieces of the skull taken out.

O'Leary afterwards regained seecch, and was able to see, and is regaining the use of his left leg. Sir William MacCormac termed it a marvelous recovery

To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattic, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James E. Rollins. They made home pleasant.

THE STATION DESPAIR.

THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the Conductor, most surely;
Why, millions and millions before
Have made this same journey securely,
And come to that ultimate shore,
And we, we will reach it in season; And ah, what a welcome is there! Reflect, then, how out of all reason

Of little black water have we, From sea unto ultimate sea. To that deep sea of seas, and all silence Of passion, concern, and of care-

Go forward, friend-led or alone. At me, to leap off in some hollow Or fen, in the night and unknown-Leap off like a thief; try to hide you From angels, all waiting you there!

-Joaquin Miller.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

IN ANECDOTE.

aich the following anecdotes are told: Maurice Drummond was Lewis's private ceretary when he was Chancellor of the xchequer, a strange man, who married liss Lister, a stepdaughter of Lord John

Sir George Lewis, said Maurice, "It is very easy. When they have talked for about five minutes, I say, Would you not like to go out the First Lord's garden entrance?" and ay always jump at it, even if they were

and deserted Mr. Gladstone, and his cynical paswer was: "Why should I not? He offered me the garter; he made my wife mistrees of the robes; he made my brother a peer. What more could I get from him?" Our host, Lord Granville, had a famous

rok, whom he asked during the slege of fars whether he would not like to return in his country. answer; "I would sooner make entrees here than sorties in Paris." One pouring wet night Lowe missed his

umbrella from the cloakroom in the House of Commons, where he had carefully put it away under the letter "L" He interrogated the custodian, Mr. Coe, who told him Sir E. Lytton had taken it. "I told him it was yours," he said, "and Sir Edward said that if he found that it was when he got home, he would send it back in the morning."

mitted him for contempt of court, heavens," said Sir David, who, of orted for less-and he was very grate-

bire, and knowing more about fox hunting the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown for fear he should aspire to the which were prepared for him by Edward throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Shull-

in your 'ead!" said Craven. Lord Granville told us of d'Orsay being at a dinner at Disvaell's, which was not of the kind to suit the fashionable gourmet. everything had been cold. he end of the dinner there was brought in some half melted ice in a dish. "Thank

who was listening to him, said: personal abuse." "There is nothing personal," said the Count. "If you are Otley, then d-n Saunders; if you are Saunders, then d-n Otley."

At the opera I heard Mario and Grisi at their best. When the Czar saw her chil-dren he said: "I suppose these are little Grisottes." "No, sire," Grisi replied; "they are little Marlonettes."

Before the days of habitual swearing had eassed away, the astute Archbishop of discuss some business, said: "Now, my lord, it will save time if before we begin

father becoming Lord Shaftesbury Lady Caroline Neeld, his sister, said to him quite The four most inspiring promises are John eriously: "Now that you have come into he litle you must learn to swear. Your father always did, and gained great respect by it in the county."

THE WRONG SULLIVAN. particular interest for Americans. Said Sir

I was traveling on a stage in rather a From Collier's Weekly. wild part of California, and arrived at a THE phlegmatic Com Paul Kruger has, mining camp, where we had to get down despite his solemn appearance, a great rep-for refreshments. As we drove up the driver said, "They are expecting you here, Transvaal. His humor, however, tends to Mr. Sullivan." I was much pleased, and ward the practical order. Here is an in-when I reached the place I came across stance: Half a dozen back-country Boers a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky had come to Pretoria to see the sights, and,

much do you weigh?"

I thought this was a curious method of once answered, "About 161 pounds."
"Well" said the man, "that's odd to me,
anyhow. Do you mean to tell me that you

I disclaimed all title to that, and told him

"Well," returned the citizen, "I'm sorr

From the London Dally News.

Surrey Regiment, who arrived in the Nile, was extraordinary. On December 15 he was was extraor the head, the bullet penetrating the brain and rendering him dumb and blind, while inter paralysis set in on his left side. At Maritzburg Hospital, under the super-intendence of Sir William MacCormac, he

LEGACIES.

THE dog is yours; and so's the photo frames Them pictures wot I cut, and my new box. The pack of cards, the dominoes, an'

games. The knittin' needles, an' the knitted socks, An' all, except the letters and the ring-You'll find them all together tied with string.

My public clothin'-that goes back to stores-My kit'll sell by auction on the square; An' other fellers will be "formin' fours An' markin' time" in boots I used to wear They're welcome; but you won't forget

The ring an' all the letters to my -The pain ain't near so bar as wot it were The day they dragged me from the limber wheels: Ain't I wreck! for God's sake don't tell 'er; Say it was fever-peaceful-in the 'ills; An' write about the wreaths, the "Jack,"

and the band. An'-send a bit of hair-you understand? The ring-Oh no, the doctor lets me talk, I aln't a tirin'-'cept a funny light, An' just a feelin' that I'd like to walk

To where it seems to flicker in the night. Better for me to go with aching 'ead Than go in trouble with my say unsaid. The ring-it ain't long since she sent it I never meant no 'arm. God only knows

black. And she believed the others-I suppose. I'm sorry for 'er now-that cursed wheel!--You see she is a woman, an' she'll feel.

But things-I can't tell now-looked very

The dog is yours. I told you that before The spurs-you'll find 'em in my private The letters, an' the ring, an' nothin' more-

An' hair-it's foolish-but a little bit.

"Our Father"-Lord, how strange! It's allri'-sir. The lett-an'-th'-ring-an'-hair-for-'er!

-EDGAR WALLACE.
Modder River, February 19. STRANGE BIBLE FACTS. George Crayen was standing for Berk- THE learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Crown for fear he should aspire to the in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, ouverie, in his hat for ready reference. In the old prison at the Place of Sadies, "What 'ave you got in your 'at?" cried a Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb death came to his release, and Why, a blanked sight more than you 'ave the following remarkable researches, taken from the Bible and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told

how the brain sought employment through the weary years:

A creature not too bright or good the weary years:

For human nature's daily food; In the Bible the word "Lord" is found 1,853 times. The word "Jehovah," 6.855 times.

The word "reverend" but once, and that in the ninth verse of Psalm exi. The eighth verse of the ninety-seventh Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest. The thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh

chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the one hundred and seventh Psalm four verses are alike-the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first. Ezra vil, 21, contains all the letters of the alphabet, except j.

Each verse of the one hundred and thirty- Dip down upon the northern shere. sixth Psaim ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible.

The thirty-seventh chapter of Isalah and nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are What stays thee from the clouded noses alike.

The word "girl" occurs but once in the Can trouble live with April days, Bible, and that in the third verse of the Or sadness in the summer moons? There are found in both books of the Bible 3,538,483 letters, 753,683 words, 21,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter is the twenty.

xiv. 2; vi, 37; Matthew xi, 28; Psalm xxxvil. 4. The first verse of the fiftieth chapter of Isalah is the one for the new convert.

All who flatter themselves with vain boasting should read the sixth chapter of

OOM PAUL'S JOKE.

store. The foremost came up to a higher than the foremost came up to a The citizen looked at me rather contempt- in person. In one of the rooms an electric nously, and after a while said, "Why, how lamp was burning, and as they were passing out, Oom Paul, with his hand on the but-ton, asked them to blow it out from where esting the power of a composer, but I at they stood. Then one after another drew mee answered, "About 161 pounds," a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and once answered. "About 161 pounds."

"Well" said the man, "that's odd to me, anyhow, Do you mean to tell me that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?"

I said, "No, I did not give him fits."
It then said, "Well, who are you?"
I replied, "My name is Sullivan."

"Allo't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?"

Lakesimed all title to that, and told him hors, for did you notice, the light was lungs, for, did you notice, the light was entirely inclosed in giasa

> WHY IT WAS BRAVE. WE read in the Book of Proverbs: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It is also

true that a witty reply often takes the edge from an unwelcome criticism the following instance from the Chicago A friendly magazine editor was talking in pleasant but critical mood to a contributor. He said: "It seems to me you use a faulty

figure of speech when you say a 'brave old hearthstone.' How can a hearthstone be "Well, sir," said the contributor, "the one I am writing about has been under the fire for nearly forty years without flinching."

AN ODD TRIBUTE. ON a tombstone in an old New England churchyard there is an epitaph which never fails to bring a smile to the face of the

JANOUS DOEMS.

Buena Vista.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the ice lake of Maine. Let all exult! for we have met the enemy

Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their pride. And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide;

Where the enemy come surging, like the Mississippi's flood; And the reaper, Death, was husy, with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly that, before two hours were past. His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast: On came his solid regiments, line marching after line; Lo! their great standards in the sun like

sheets of silver shine! With thousands upon thousands, yea. with more than four to one. A forest of bright bayonets gleam flercels

Upon them with your squadrons, May! Out leaps the flaming steel! Before his serried columns how the fright-

ened lancers reel! They fice amain. Now to the left, to stay their triumph there. Or else the day is surely lost in horror and

For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring. Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

No brave artiflery! Bold dragoons! Steady. my men, and caim! Through rain, cold, hall, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!

still thicker than the ball!
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale. Lo! their battery is silenced now; our from hall still showers; They falter, halt, retreat! Hurrah! the

glorious day is ours! Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day

reserve moves on;— More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won; v for your wives and children stand! Steady, my braves, once more! Now for your lives, your bonor, fight! as

you never fought before. Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely! McRee and Bissel there Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the astonished air. The lancers are upon them, too!-the foe swarms ten to Hardin is slain-McKee and Clay the last

time see the sun; And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray. Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away. Still sullenly the cannon roared-but died away at last;

And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver shield. And patiently and lovingly looked down upon the field:-And careless of his wounded, and neglectful

Anna fled. -Albert Pike. She Was a Phantom of Delight. She was a phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon my sight:

A lovely apparition sent To be a moment's ornament: Her eyes as stars of twilight fair Like twillght's, too, her dusky hair; But all things else about her drawn From May time and the cheerful dawn: A dancing shape, and image gay. To haunt, to startle, and waylay I saw her upon nearer view.

A spirit, yet a woman too! Her household notions light and free And steps of virgin liberty; A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet: For transient sorrows simple wiles Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles And now I see with ever serens The very pulse of the machine;

A being breathing thoughtful breath The reason firm, the temperate will Endurance, foresight, strength and skill; A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a spirit still, and bright

Spring. O, sweet new year, delaying long. Thou doest expectant nature wrongs

Can trouble live with April days, Bring the orchids, bring the fox-glove spin The little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips, dashed with flery dew.

Laburnums, dropping wells of fire. O. thou, new year, delaying long. Delayest the sorrow in my blood. That longs to burst a frozen bud. And flood a fresher throat with song. -Alfred Tennyson,

Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! In youth it sheltered me. And I'll protect it now. 'Twas my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot; There, woodman, let it stand. Thy axe shall harm it not! That old familiar tree. Whose glory and renown Are sprend o'er land and sea:

And would'st thou hew it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties; spare that aged oak. I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy Here too my sisters played. My mother kissed me here; My father pressed my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling. Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing.
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree the storm shall brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save.
Thy axe shall harm it not.

The Three Fishers. Three fishers went sailing out into the west.
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best. And the children stood watching them out

of the town; For men must work, and women must weep.
And there's little to carn and many to keep. Though the harbor bar be mouning.

it the shower, the pight-rach came rolling up ragged And the and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep.
Though the atorms be sudden, and waters
deep.
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands In the morning gleam as the tide went And the women are weeping and wringing their hands For those who will never come home to

The world and flesh, till forty days For this is Lent.

my tarra

This present Lent. I shall give up my daily street-car And walk fustend, to mortify my SITIUM

Ten come a day thus saved I'll lay

-Chicago Record.

come Household Words.

enteredents and found that, although his "I can't see it." description of himself was accurate, no acmmending him to stick to his profes-

adges to whom the manuscripts had been absoluted were by no means theroughly onvinced of their outlightly. Two letters The term "blue stocking" was originally rom Charterten followed-one (the first) ther, a week later, cartly demanding the nate literary classes by colors. In Mill's ejected and seemingly acquiescent; the restoration of his papers, the genuineness of which he reaffirmed. These communicaons Walpele by his own account either effected to notice or overlooked. After an sterval of some weeks arrived a final misve, the tone of which he regarded us

ngularly imperdment," Snapping up both seems and letters in a pet, he scribbled a "Corporations have no souls" is a much nent, and thought no more of him or them. was not until about a year and a bail terwards that Goldsmith told him, at the first Royal Academy dinner, that Chatter-ton had come to London and destroyed him-self—an announcement which seems to have

death, and will attest my surprise and con-The apologists of the gifted and precocious his deplorable end, have attributed to

s without meeting?" Walpale asks, in "Prowning the miller" originated from the following fact: If the mill stream be-

acter on, Bunyan used it in his "Pugrim's atter on, Bunyan used it in his "Pugrim's I planted—they have torn me—and I bleed! I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

—Byron—Childe Harold. Progress." putting salt on their tails," etc.

INFORMATION FOR LITERARY LADIES. in a fourfold aspect, as a man, a virtuose, a politicing and an author. The first is the From the Chicago Record. most forcibly is that he was primarily, and of quality," whose warmest sympathies were reserved for those of his own rank. To the friends of his own class he was constant and considerate, and he seems to

> The oldest Senator, Mr. Pettus of Alabama. The youngest, Mr. Butler of North Carolina. The shortest, Mr. Mason of Illinois, The handsomest, Mr. Aldrich of Ithode Island, The homeliest, Mr. Tillman of South Carolina,

their salary.

Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died Among their branches-till, at last, they

Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou

There is no this in everything.
When life's alive in everything,
Before new nestlings sing.
Before cleft swallows speed their learney back Along the trackless tract.

-Christina G. Rossetti.

To stop at the station Despair. Aye, midnights and many a potton As we journey from ocean to ocean,

That vast sea of Eden-set Islands. Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow;

Go forward! Whatever betide you, Don't stop at the station Despair!

From the London Dally Chronicle.

SIR ALGERNON WEST, who was Gladstone's private secretary for a number of years, has written his "Recollections," in

"How do you manage to get people away o soon when they come to see you?" asked

going the other way."
In later years Lewis was asked why he

"No," he wittily returned

Sir David Dundas was Recorder of Scarborough, and in those days there was only one juli delivery in the year, After the ses-sions were over the julier said: "What, your Honor, is to be done with the man that reared a disturbance in the court last Your Honor will recollect you comheavens!" said Sir David, who, of course, had only committed him for the day; "re-Lase him at once." And the Recorder said: "What did the man say?" "Well, your fonor, I told him I had known many a man

ieaven!" gald d'Orsay; "at last we have got something hot."

When Lady Blessington sent d'Orsay to emptain of some delay on the part of her ublishers, he used very strong language. dignified man in a high white neckcloth. "Count d'orsay, I would sooner lose Lady Blessington's patronage than submit to such personal abuse." "There is nothing per-

we assume that everybody and everything is dammed."

Sullivan which appear in Mr. Lawrence's new life of the composer, published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., the following will have puriouslar interest for American St.

I was Arthur Sullivan.
"Oh, Arthur Sullivan!" he said. "Are you the man as put 'Pinafore' together?"-

THE case of Private O'Leary of the West stracted and an ounce of the brain

despair:

What though their shot falls round us here,

Is surely lost; For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed. Still louder roar two batteries—his strong

And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast.

Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Sants

With something of angelic light. -William Wordsworth

Delaying long, delay no more. Thy sweetness from its proper place?

Woodman, Spare That Tree.

-George P. Morris

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower.
And they trimmed the lamps as the sum
went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked

For men must work, and women must weep.
And the sooner it's o'er, the mover it And the sooner it's o'er, the sooner to sleep:
And good-by to the bar and its mouning.
—Charles Ringsley.

of his dead,